

## Funny Work Stories: The Chair

I wonder how much I've written in my lifetime. If I would have saved any of it, maybe I'd know. I can't save anything I write. Makes me feel clogged up. Same feeling I get when I've done a painting, and it just sits there, on the wall. I don't think our own creations are meant to remain with us, whether it's art, or music, or writing, or even your kids. Everything that comes from you is supposed to go through you and out into the world. If I hold on to things, I get depressed.

I've only met one person in my life who has the urge to get rid of things worse than me, and that's a lady I worked with several years ago, in 2002 or 03. She was known for being very emotional and tempermental, but this took the cake: I walked into the break room one day and saw one of the chairs...just....sitting on top of the trash can. One of the chairs that we used at the table. Every day. To eat.

The chair looked very sad, as if someone had tried to throw it away, but discovered at the last minute that break room chairs do not fit into trash cans, and just gave up. And left it there, perched on top of the trash can.

I was standing there, observing this, wondering who on earth did this, and why. The chair was not damaged in any way. Then, in she walks. My coworker. I said, "Will you look at this! There's a chair in the trash!" And she said, "Yeah, I did that. I hate that chair."

I looked at her, thinking she must be kidding. I laughed. But no, she was dead serious. She then said, "It's ugly!"

I looked at it more carefully. Maybe she had a point. After a careful observation, I decided that this chair was no more ugly than all the rest in the break room. I said, "Um, that's one of the chairs that we use!" She then started cussing and said something to the effect of, I can pull it out if I want to, she didn't care one way or the other...

I remember this woman and think, thank goodness, there's somebody out there with a worse compulsion to throw things away than I have. At least I don't get rid of other people's things.

Well actually that's not true. But I can't tell it here, because in the rare event my ex-husband gets desperately bored and stumbles upon this blog, he might see it, and then I'd be busted. I can say this: it has to do with family heirloom silverware, brought over here around the turn of the century. It was hidden away in an old laundry hamper, wrapped in old sheets. In the garage.

And I had a garage sale one time. And donated everything left over. But I swear, I know nothing about that blue hamper with the folded white sheets that was sort of unusually heavy for a mere hamper with sheets in it.\*

But about getting rid of things, I really do want to stop. And I want to stop getting rid of everything I create. No, I don't want to be normal, just a little more mature. But only in the areas that matter to me.

Most people have the problem of holding on too much, and have trouble letting go....but I have the opposite problem. I suppose both are equally bad.

\*it was an accident, I promise.